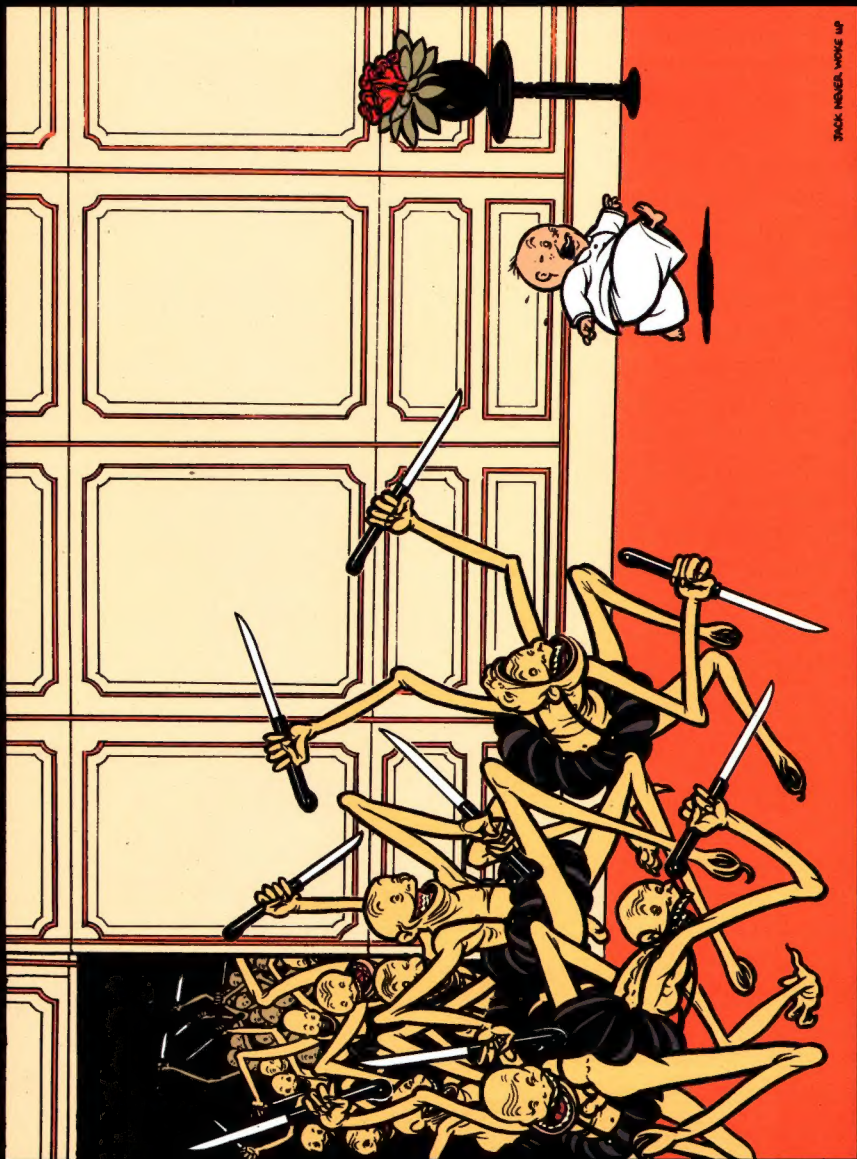


ZERO ZERO

MARCH / APRIL 1996 PENTAGON PICS BOOKS \$5.95 / \$8.50 CAN





00

march / april 1996

cover Charles Burns

i.f.c. "Jack Never Woke Up" Al Columbia

2 "Sof' Boy" Archer Prewitt

8 "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare," Part 3
Kim Deitch and Fowlton Means

23 "Homunculus: The Eunuch's Tale"
Mack White

centerspread Henriette Valium

30 "The Forgotten Dream of a Melancholy Chef"
Ted Stearn

34 "The Chuckling Whatsit," Part 7
Richard Sala

43 "The Legend of the Florida Man-Fish"
Mike Diana

51 "Understanding Hockey" Dave Collier

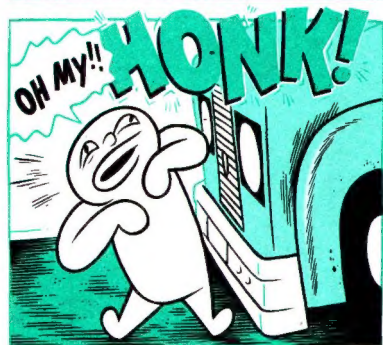
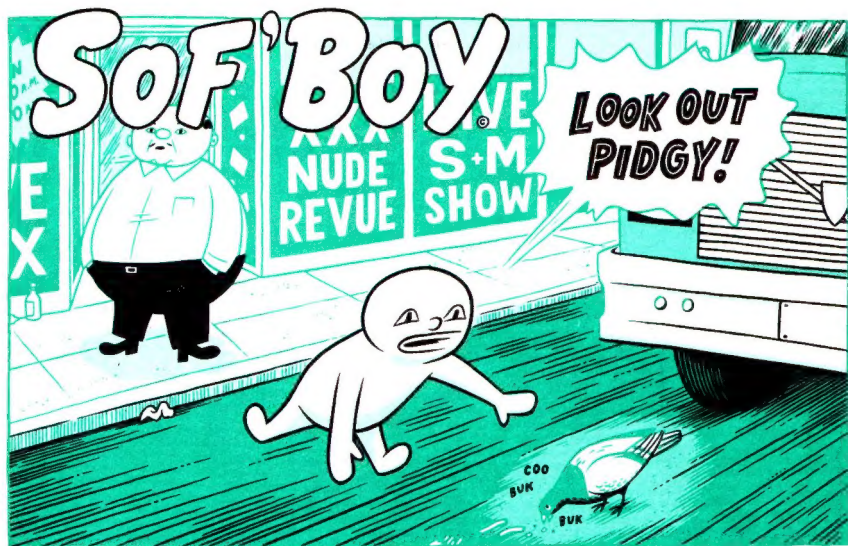
our serialized feature stories

C'mon in!

i.b.c. "Car-Boy" Max Andersson

back cover "Mo' Apocalypse!" Pat Moriarity

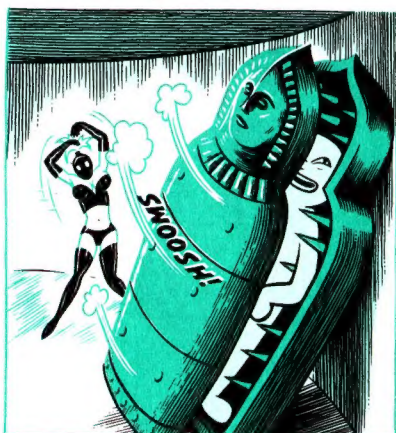
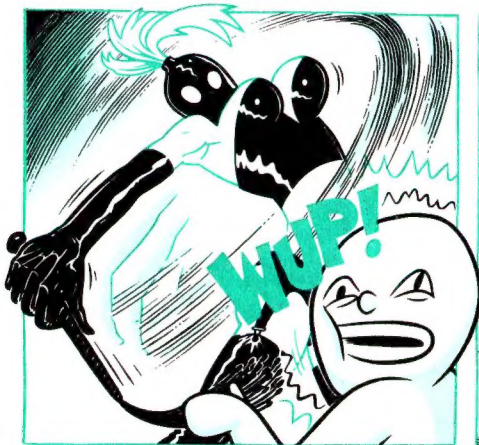


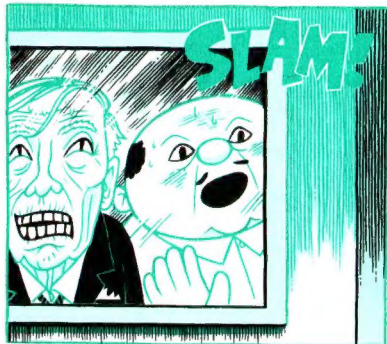












The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare

CONTINUED...

A REPORTER NAMED FOWLTON MEANS HAS FOLLOWED A FORMER SILENT FILM STAR TO AN UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

HERE, AMIDST ELEGANT SURROUNDINGS SHE IS QUEEN TO A RACE OF GOOD NATURED PYGMIES,

...AND IS GUIDED BY TWELVE WISE OLD PYGMY MEN WHO LIVE BENEATH THE EARTH AND ARE KNOWN AS "THE GREY ONES."

THEIR CHIEF ASSISTANT IS A FLAMBOYANT RELIC OF THE OLD WEST NAMED DOC LEDICKER.



LATER, MORE
SURPRISES!

WELL, HELLO THERE
SLEEPY HEAD!

HUH?



HEY! WHERE'S MOLLY?

OH, SHE'S BACK
AT THE PALACE,
(HEH) I'M AFRAID
SHE'S NOT
FEELING TOO
GOOD
EITHER.

HEY!
WHAT'RE THOSE
DOO DADS?

THOSE "DOO DADS," AS YOU CALL THEM, ARE WHO'RE
REALLY RUNNING THE SHOW AROUND HERE.



EVEN AS WE SPEAK,
YOUR IMAGE IS BEING
BEAMED TO A SPACE
STATION THIRTY THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

JESUS CHRIST! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY,

BUT I SUPPOSE IT IS ABOUT TIME I EXPLAINED A FEW THINGS.

Y'SEE, YEARS AGO, THIS PLACE WASN'T MUCH MORE THAN A BACKWARD OUTPOST OF PRIMITIVE HUMANITY.

THEN ONE DAY, THIRTEEN LITTLE BOYS WERE SUCKED UP INTO THE SKY BY A MYSTERIOUS SPACE CRAFT.



ONCE
ONBOARD, THEY
WERE LAUNCHED
INTO A COMPREHENSIVE
TRAINING PROGRAM
THAT TOOK YEARS BY
MANKIND'S USUAL
STANDARDS OF
PASSING TIME.

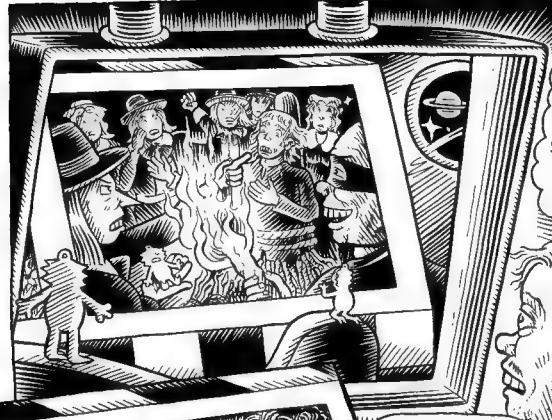
THE BOYS WERE BROUGHT TO
A SLOWER RATE OF METABOLISM
ALLOWING THEM TO MANIPULATE
AND SLOW DOWN TIME IN AN ALMOST GODLIKE MANNER.

YOU SEE, THESE CREATURES
HAVE A CURIOUS ATTITUDE ABOUT
HUMAN BEINGS;

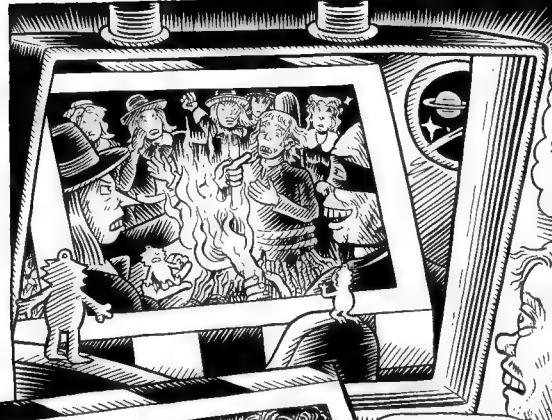
THEY CONSIDER US
A FLAWED SPECIES,
BUT A HIGHLY
ENTERTAINING ONE.

AND IT'S OUR
FOLKWAYS,
THE WAYS
WE ENTERTAIN
EACH OTHER THAT
THEY CONSIDER
TO BE OUR
SAVING
GRACE.

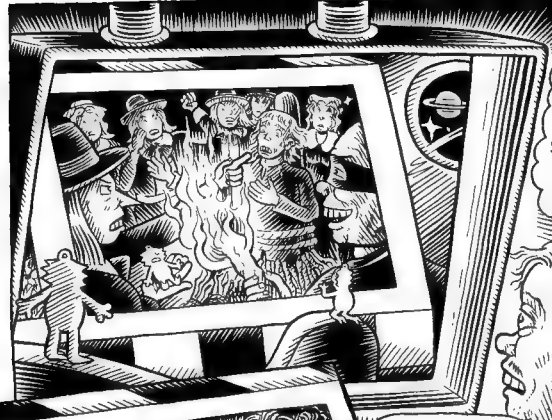
IT'S WHAT THEY CONSIDER US TO BE PARTICULARLY GOOD AT,
AND A THING THEY WERE VERY INTERESTED IN PRESERVING.




BUT THOUGH THESE
EXTRATERRESTRIALS
HAVE THE ABILITY TO
BEAM BACK ANYTHING
THEY SEE TO THEIR
SPACE STATION, WHERE
IT'S RECORDED AND
STORED, DOING SO
UNOBSERVED WAS A
PROBLEM.



....AND MORE
THAN A FEW
HUMAN ACCOMPLICES
SUFFERED BADLY.



IT WAS HOPED
THAT THE SMALLER
SIZE OF THE BOYS
WOULD MAKE THEM
MORE EFFICIENT
SECRET
OBSERVERS.



THIRTY YEARS LATER, THE
BOYS, (NOW MEN), MADE A SPECTACULAR
RETURN TO THE ISLAND!

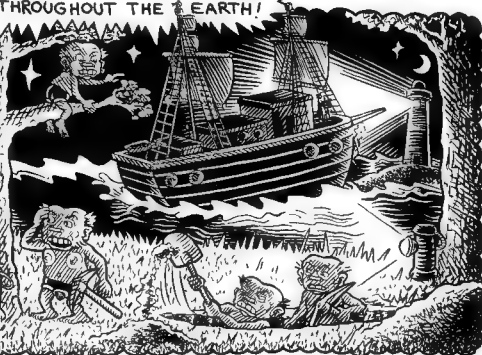
WITH THEIR NEWLY ACQUIRED SUPERIOR MENTAL POWER, THEY SOON HAD THE ISLAND POPULATION DIGGING A VAST NETWORK OF TUNNELS,



...THAT EVENTUALLY HONEYCOMBED THROUGHOUT THE EARTH!

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE THIRTEEN LED AN EXPEDITION THAT TUNNELED ALL THE WAY TO ENGLAND!

AND GOING AGAINST HIS CELIBATE TRAINING, HE BRED WITH THE FEMALES IN HIS PARTY.



ALTHOUGH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS WERE CONCERNED, ULTIMATELY THEY DECIDED NOT TO INTERFERE;...

AND THE OFFSPRING OF THESE UNIONS INHERITED THE UNIQUE POWERS OF THEIR FATHER,



GIVING THEM EASY CONTROL IN ENCOUNTERS WITH THE LOCAL POPULATION.

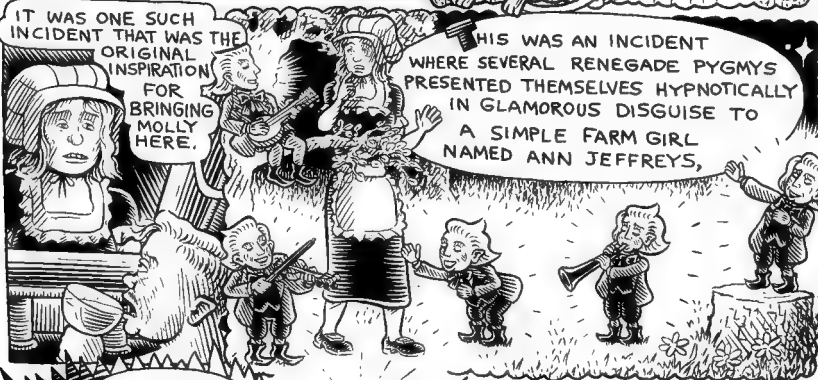
IN FACT, MOST OF THE WORLD'S FAIRY LEGENDS SPRING FROM TALES OF THESE MYSTERIOUS RENEGADE PYGMYS.

THESE CREATURES HAD THE HYPNOTIC POWER TO APPEAR IN ANY FORM THEY CHOSE.



IT WAS ONE SUCH INCIDENT THAT WAS THE ORIGINAL INSPIRATION FOR BRINGING MOLLY HERE.

THIS WAS AN INCIDENT WHERE SEVERAL RENEGADE PYGMYS PRESENTED THEMSELVES HYPNOTICALLY IN GLAMOROUS DISGUISE TO A SIMPLE FARM GIRL NAMED ANN JEFFREYS,



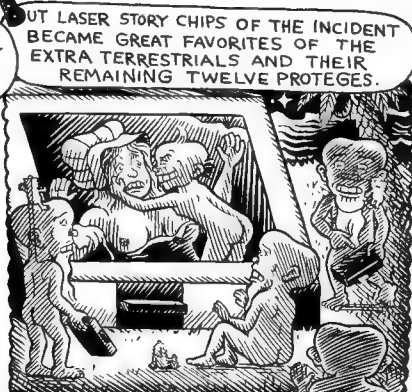
...AND LURED HER TO AN UNDERGROUND CAVE WHERE THEY "SEDUCED" HER.

AFTER SHE'D ESCAPED, HER STORY CAUSED A GOOD DEAL OF SENSATION.





UNFORTUNATELY, THE NOTORIETY MADE HER AN OUTCAST.



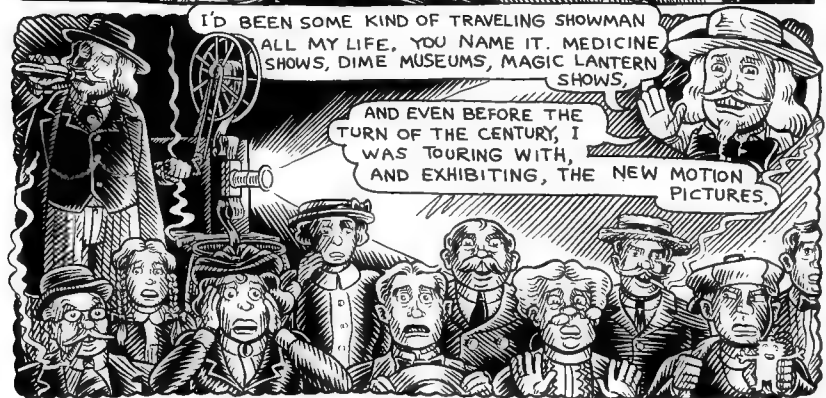
BUT LASER STORY CHIPS OF THE INCIDENT BECAME GREAT FAVORITES OF THE EXTRA TERRESTRIALS AND THEIR REMAINING TWELVE PROTEGES.



IT WAS NOTED ABOUT THIS TIME THAT IT WAS AS COLLECTORS AND COMPILERS THAT THE TWELVE LITTLE MEN REALLY SHINED;

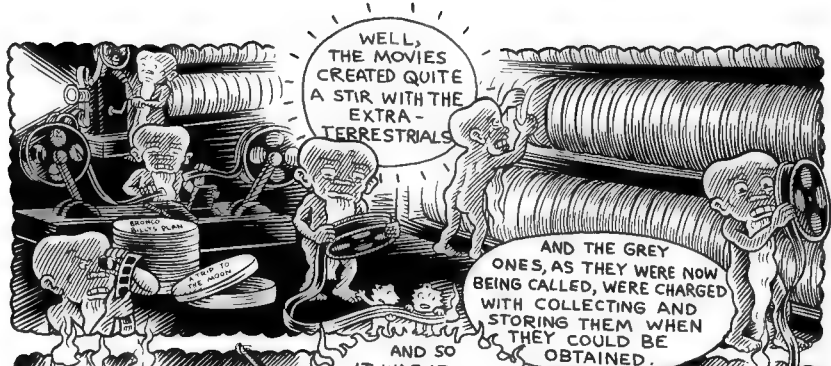
AND IT WAS DECIDED THAT BETTER USE MIGHT BE MADE OF THEM, WORKING IN TANDEM WITH VARIOUS HAND-PICKED HUMANS.

...WHICH IS HOW I CAME INTO THE PICTURE.



I'D BEEN SOME KIND OF TRAVELING SHOWMAN ALL MY LIFE, YOU NAME IT. MEDICINE SHOWS, DIME MUSEUMS, MAGIC LANTERN SHOWS,

AND EVEN BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, I WAS TOURING WITH, AND EXHIBITING, THE NEW MOTION PICTURES.



NATURALLY, WHEN A MOVIE VERSION
OF ANNE JEFFREY'S FAIRY ABDUCTION,
STARRING MOLLY, WAS MADE,

COMING SOON

Molly O'dare

THE TRUE
STORY OF
J.E.

The
Fair
Bairn
BY
J.T. BAUMAN ART

...WE
WERE ALL
EAGER TO
SEE IT.

BAUMAN
PHOTOPLAYS

BUT BEFORE WE
COULD, ALL KNOWN PRINTS WENT
UP IN SMOKE AND A PRINT HAS
ELUDED US SINCE.

HOWEVER, THE GREY ONES
BECAME GREAT FANS OF MOLLY'S
SUBSEQUENT CAREER AS A
SERIAL QUEEN.

IN HERE
TODAY

MOLLY
O'DARE

SPLICE
REEL 2
OF THE
DANGER
GIRL

ILLUSTRATED
SONGS
MY KODAK
ENERGY

THE
DANGER
GIRL

HER
FILMS WERE
DILIGENTLY
PILFERED AND
PRESERVED.

AND WHEN THE DOWNWARD
SPIRAL OF HER LIFE WAS
BECOMING ALL
TOO APPARENT,
THEY PLEADED
FOR SOME SORT OF
INTERCESSION.

IF EVERYONE WAS SO DAMNED CONCERNED WITH SAVING MOLLY'S FILMS, WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL BEHIND THEM?

WHY COULDN'T MOLLY BE ABDUCTED JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL ANNE JEFFREYS?

ONLY THIS TIME IT COULD BE RESPONSIBLY HANDLED. SHE COULD BE BROUGHT HERE AND PROPERLY CARED FOR, JUST LIKE HER OLD FILMS.

IT SEEMED REASONABLE, AND THE JOB OF GETTING HER HERE WENT TO ME.

AND THE REST YOU KNOW. IT'S MORE OR LESS WORKED

OUT, EXCEPT THAT LATELY SHE'S GOTTEN A BIT RESTLESS.

HOPING THAT A VISIT TO HOLLYWOOD MIGHT SETTLE HER DOWN, SHE WAS ALLOWED TO GO ON

OUR RECENT FILM RAID AT GORTON'S BAR; WHERE WE ALSO ACQUIRED YOU, SIR.

SO?

JUST THIS:

WE DON'T ENTIRELY OBJECT TO YOU ON PRINCIPLE, BUT WE'VE ALL GONE TO A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE TO SAVE THAT GIRL,

...AND UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE YOURSELF TO BE A MORE WORTHY AND USEFUL CONSORT TO HER,...

... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO.

BEFORE MEANS CAN RESPOND, HE'S GIVEN A REVIEW OF WHERE HIS LIFE HAS GONE AND WHAT HIS FATE WILL BE AT THE RATE HE'S GOING.

NOW HERE'S THE DEAL.

DOC LEDICKER TAKES MEANS TO A GUATEMALAN VILLAGE AND SETS HIM UP WITH A HOUSE, SEVERAL SERVANTS AND A FORGED PASSPORT.

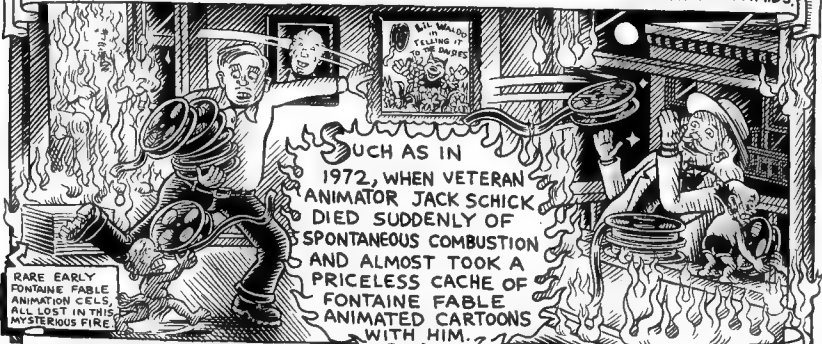
SHOCKINGLY, THE DATE ON THE PASSPORT IS 1961! APPARENTLY FOURTEEN YEARS HAVE GONE BY IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

YOUNG KIM DEITCH ON "FRENCH LEAVE" FROM THE NORWEGIAN MERCHANT MARINE.

FOOTNOTE

IT WASN'T LONG AFTERWARD THAT A CHANCE MEETING WITH MEANS IN GUATEMALA LAUNCHED OUR LONG CREATIVE COLLABORATION, WHICH RESULTED IN HIS WRITING MANY OF MY MOST INGENUOUS COMICS. K.D.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF "THE DEAL" ARE THAT MEANS IS "ON RETAINER" AND IS OCCASIONALLY ENLISTED BY DOC LEDICKER TO GO ON FILM PRESERVATION RAIDS.



MORE EXOTIC BUT LESS FRUITFUL WAS A 1981 RAID ON AN IRISH FAIRY GLEN IN SEARCH OF A PRINT OF MOLLY'S FIRST STARRING FILM, "THE FAIRY BALL."



AND I MIGHT NEVER HAVE UNDERTAKEN TO ILLUSTRATE IT BUT FOR A RATHER STARTLING SUBSEQUENT DEVELOPMENT!

THIS WAS THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT A PRINT OF A 1914 FILM, "THE FAIRY BALL", FOUND AMONG LARRY FARREL'S PERSONAL EFFECTS WOULD BE SHOWN AT A MEMORIAL FOR THE LATE ACTOR AT THE TROUPERS CLUB.



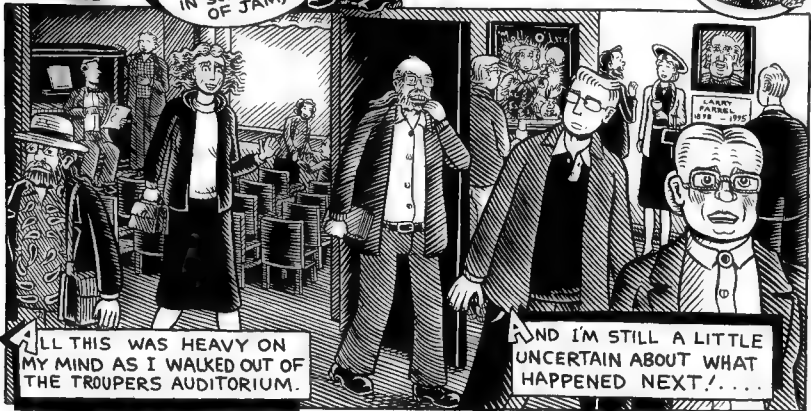
I WAS
ASTOUNDED
BY THE
ANNOUNCE-
MENT, AND
FRANKLY,
A LITTLE
WORRIED
TOO.

I COULDN'T
HELP WONDERING
IF THE SCRIPT
FOWLTON MEANS HAD
SUPPLIED ME WITH FOR
SHADOWLAND COMICS
HAD GOTTEN HIM
IN SOME KIND
OF JAM,



...CHRONICLING
AS THEY DID
THE EARLY
LIFE OF
THE GIRL

WHO CAME TO BE KNOWN
AS MOLLY O' DARE.



ALL THIS WAS HEAVY ON
MY MIND AS I WALKED OUT OF
THE TROUPERS AUDITORIUM.

AND I'M STILL A LITTLE
UNCERTAIN ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED NEXT!....

I MEAN, A LOT OF TIMES I THINK WE SEE WHAT WE WANT TO SEE,

BUT AS I HEADED FOR THE
EXIT, A CURIOUS COUPLE AT
THE OTHER END OF THE
ROOM CAUGHT MY EYE.

THE MAN HAD MORE
THAN A PASSING
RESEMBLANCE TO
FOWLTON MEANS.

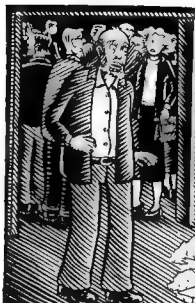
AND THE
WOMAN STRUCK
ME AS BEARING
A RATHER
STARTLING
RESEMBLANCE
TO MOLLY
O' DARE!



AS I INSTINCTIVELY
STARTED MOVING TOWARD
THEM, THE MAN SAW ME
AND HERDED THE
WOMAN INTO ANOTHER
ROOM.



BUT WHEN I
FOLLOWED THEM,
I FOUND NOTHING;
ONLY SOME
RIPPED OUT
FLOOR
BOARDS AND
A CRUDE,
TUNNEL-
LIKE
HOLE!



PROBABLY WOULD HAVE
DISMISSED THE WHOLE THING
BUT THE FOLLOWING
DAY I WAS TOLD
THAT THE PRINT OF
THE FAIRY BALL
WE'D SEEN HAD
APPARENTLY
BEEN
STOLEN

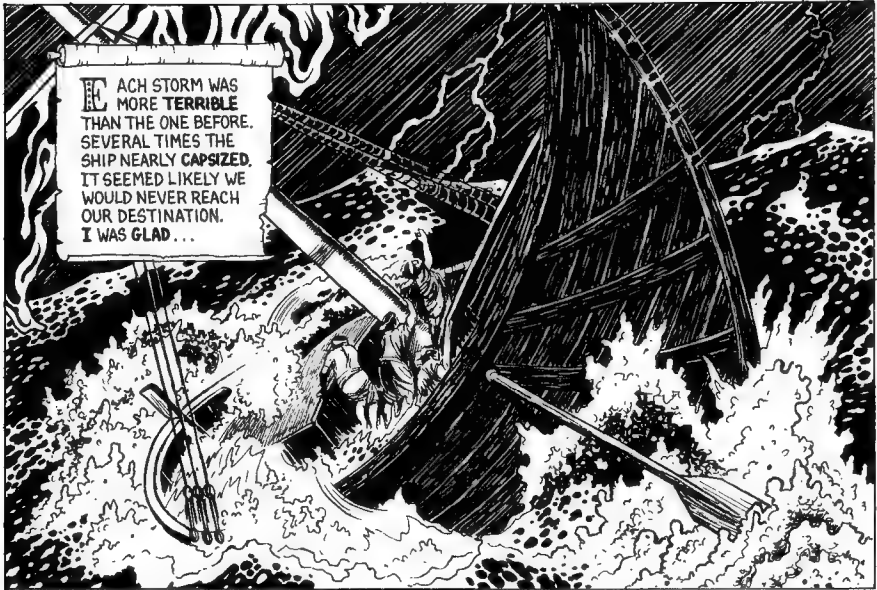


WELL, DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS, BUT I'D
AT LEAST LIKE TO THINK THAT SOMEWHERE
IN SOME FAR FLUNG CORNER OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC,
MOLLY O'DARE AND FOWLTON MEANS JUST
MIGHT BE HAPPY TOGETHER AT LONG LAST.

Kim Deitch


HOMVNCVLVS: THE EVNVCH'S TALE

BY NACK WHITE



EACH STORM WAS MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE ONE BEFORE. SEVERAL TIMES THE SHIP NEARLY CAPSIZED. IT SEEMED LIKELY WE WOULD NEVER REACH OUR DESTINATION. I WAS GLAD...

BELOW DECK, WHERE I WAS KEPT IN A BIRD CAGE, APART FROM THE OTHER SLAVES, I PRAYED TO POSEIDON...



O GREAT POSEIDON, FINISH YOUR WORK! SEND THIS SHIP TO THE FISHY DEEPS! LOSE US IN THE ABYSS! DROWN—

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?! WAS IT YOU WHO SUMMONED THIS TERRIBLE STORM? WHY, MY SON? WHY?!



FOR THE LAST TIME, EUNUCH—
I'M NO SON OF YOURS!

NOT MY SON YOU SAY? I FOUND
YOU IN MY ORDURE LAST FULL MOON,
DID I NOT? YES, I DID...

...AND DON'T I LOOK AFTER YOU—JUST LIKE A
MOTHER? I FEED YOU. I MADE YOU THOSE CLOTHES!
AND YOU REPAY ME THUS—SAYING YOU'RE NOT MY
SON AND BEGGING POSEIDON DROWN US ALL!

LOOK—I'M GRATEFUL FOR ALL
YOUR KINDNESSES, AND IF IT WILL
MAKE YOU HAPPY I'LL ASK THAT
ONLY I BE DROWNED!

BUT WHY, MY
SON? IS IT SLAVERY
YOU HATE SO MUCH
YOU'LL DIE FIRST?

IT'S THAT AND MORE—MY LIFE
IS NOT WORTH LIVING WITHOUT MY
TWIN. I CANNOT LIVE LIKE THIS,
A MORTAL AND A—

TWIN? I SAW NO TWIN AT YOUR
BIRTH! IF TWIN THERE BE, THEN LIKE AS
NOT, IT'S STILL INSIDE ME. I'LL SQUEEZE IT
OUT IN TIME—SO DON'T YOU FRET. AND
AS FOR BEING A SLAVE...

...YOU'RE NO WORSE OFF THAN
ME. DO YOU THINK I SERVE
THESE PIRATES BY CHOICE? I'M
A SLAVE TOO—AND HAVE BEEN
MOST OF MY LIFE...





"I WAS **NOT BORN A SLAVE**, YOU SEE—BORN LOWLY, YES, BUT **FREE**. MY FATHER WAS A COBBLER IN **GAUL**, AND I GREW UP WORKING IN HIS SHOP. VERY LIKELY I WOULD STILL BE MAKING SANDALS, HAD NOT **FATE** INTERVENED. IN MY TWENTIETH YEAR, **ROMAN TROOPS** ARRIVED TO QUELL UNREST IN THE AREA. THOUGH I WAS NOT A COMBATANT, I ENDED UP BEING **CAPTURED**, ALONG WITH A **THOUSAND** MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN . . ."

"WE WERE HANDED OVER TO **SLAVE TRADERS** AND DISPERSED THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE. I FOUND MYSELF ON AN **AUCTION BLOCK** IN **ITALY**. IN THOSE DAYS I WAS NOT AS YOU SEE ME NOW—OLD, BALD, AND FLABBY. I WAS **YOUNG AND HEALTHY**, THEREFORE QUICKLY **SOLD** . . ."



"MY **BUYER** TURNED OUT TO BE A **SLAVE** HIMSELF, ACTING AS **AGENT** FOR MY NEW **OWNER**. AS WE RODE ALONG THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE, HE TOLD ME OUR **OWNER'S NAME** . . ."

JUNIA PISO—WIDOW OF THE **SENATOR PISO**. ALL THIS **LAND** YOU SEE IS **HERS**—AND SHE OWNS **OVER 500 SLAVES**—WOMEN AND **EUNUCHS** ALL—**NOT ONE MAN!**



BUT I'M NOT
A **EUNUCH!**



OF COURSE
YOU'RE NOT, LAD!

"THE OLD SLAVE'S WORDS MADE ME **UNEASY**. I FEARED MY DAYS AS A **MAN** WERE NUMBERED—A FEAR WHICH SOON PROVED **JUSTIFIED** WHEN, SHORTLY AFTER MY ARRIVAL AT **JUNIA PISO'S VILLA**, I WAS TAKEN TO ONE OF THE FARM'S BUILDINGS . . ."

NOW YOU JUST **RELAX**. YOU'RE IN **CAPABLE** HANDS. WHY, I'VE BEEN DOING THIS SINCE OLD **OCTAVIAN** WAS EMPEROR . . .



"MY **PHALLUS** WAS PLACED IN THE PROTECTIVE RING OF THE **SHEARS**, THEN I FELT THE COLD, SERRATED CLAMPS CLOSE AGAINST MY **SCROTUM**, AND--"



"THE PAIN WAS BLINDING. I COULD ONLY SHRIEK, AND CRY..."

"MY **RECOVERY** TOOK SEVERAL DAYS. DURING THAT TIME I WAS ATTENDED BY A KIND SLAVE GIRL NAMED **AEMILIA**. WHEN SHE SAW I WOULD NOT **EAT**, SHE SAID TO ME..."



DO NOT BE SAD. YOU STILL HAVE YOUR **PHALLUS**.

WHAT **USE** IS IT?

IT'S STILL OF **USE**. WHY, I'VE SEEN **EUNUCHS** WITH **ERECTIONS** AS BIG AS **TREE TRUNKS**!

I DON'T CARE.

BUT YOU SHOULD. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.

YOU SEE, OUR **MISTRESS** USES HER **EUNUCHS** FOR **PLEASURE**. BUT IF ANY **DISAPPOINT** HER, SHE HAS THEIR **PHALLUS** LOPPED OFF--AND THAT'S AN OPERATION FEW SURVIVE...

...SO **EAT**. YOU'LL NEED YOUR **STRENGTH**!

"WHAT **AEMILIA** SAID WAS TRUE--IN **THEORY** AT LEAST. MY **BALLS** HAD BEEN **RIPE** WHEN CUT, THEREFORE I SHOULD STILL BE CAPABLE OF AN **ERECTION**. THIS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO HAD I BEEN CUT WHILE STILL A **BOY**. SO THERE WAS REASON TO TAKE HEART. AND YET, SO FAR, WEAK AND SUFFERING AS I WAS--AND **DISTRAUGHT**--THERE HAD BEEN NO DEMONSTRATION OF **PRIAPAN** POWER IN MY **PHALLUS**. NOR HAD THERE BEEN BY THE TIME I WAS AT LAST PRESENTED TO MY **MISTRESS JUNIA PISO**. I KNEW THAT NOW WAS MY MOMENT OF TRUTH. SHE WOULD DESIRE A DEMONSTRATION OF MY **SEXUAL ABILITY**--AND I FEARED THE OUTCOME. MY FEAR, OF COURSE, ONLY INCREASED THE CHANCE OF **FAILURE**. ALL I COULD DO WAS PRAY TO **PRIAPUS** FOR HELP..."



SO YOU'RE THE **YOUNG GAUL**. I TOLD **PELOGO** TO GET ME A **PRETTY BOY**...

...SIGH. I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO DO.



SUDDENLY THE **EUNUCH'S TALE** WAS INTERRUPTED AS THE SHIP **PITCHED** VIOLENTLY SIDeways, UPSETTING SEVERAL **AMPHORAE**. ONE AMPHORA **STRUCK** THE POOR **EUNUCH** IN THE **HEAD**, RENDERING HIM **UNCONSCIOUS** IN MID-SENTENCE . . .



THE SHIP'S **DOOM** NOW SEEMED IMMINENT. AT LAST **POSEIDON** WAS ANSWERING MY PLEA. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN JOYOUS, BUT INSTEAD I FOUND MYSELF SUDDENLY **RELUCTANT** TO DIE. AT LEAST I DID NOT WANT TO DIE AT THAT PARTICULAR **MOMENT**. FOR I HAD GROWN INTERESTED IN THE **EUNUCH'S TALE** AND NOW REGRETTED I WOULD NEVER KNOW ITS **OUTCOME**. **POSEIDON'S TIMING** COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE . . .



©'96 MACK WHITE





FEAR



PAIN



HATE



VIOLENCE



DEATH

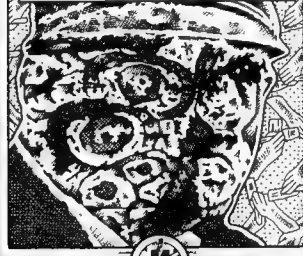


MAGNIFICENT

MISTER FLESH & BONES



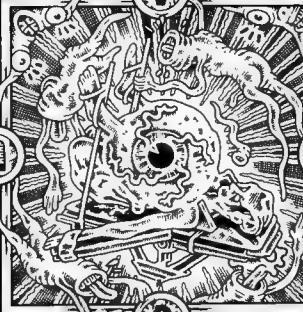
GENERAL MAC ADOLF
HITLER ARTHUR HESS



SIR WINSTON HIRO-HITO
CHURCHILL HIMMLER



MR CHARLES NIXON
DE GAULLE MUSSOLINI



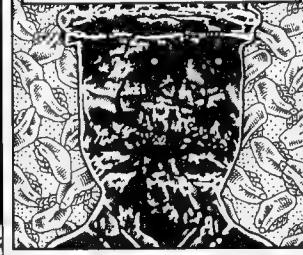
MISTRESS SPERM & GUTS



JOHN F. MAO GOERING
KENNEDY CASTRO



CUBIC RABBI BENITO
CLINTON TITO STALINE



LEFT TATTOO



SICKNESS



PAIN



DESPAIR

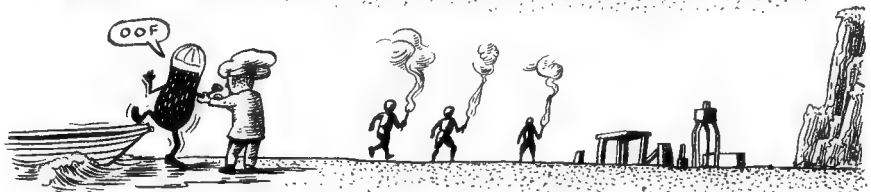
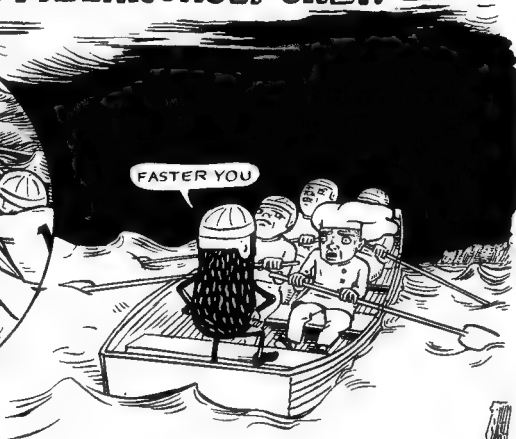


SORROW



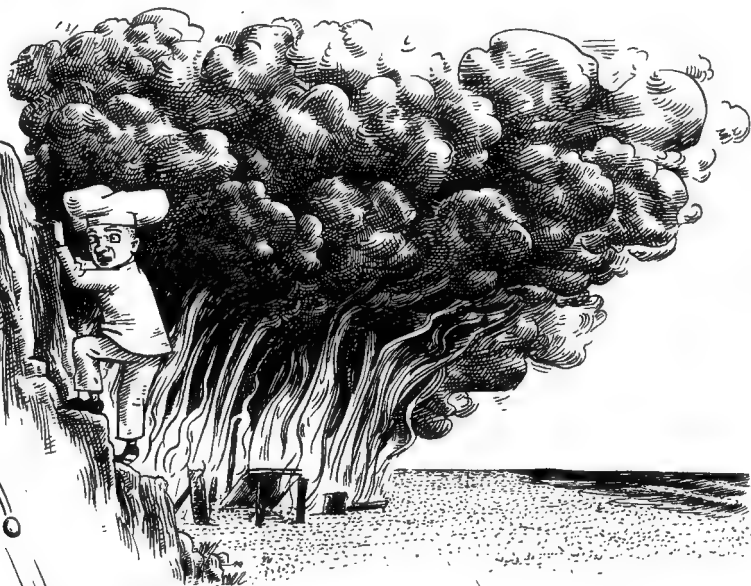
CROSS OF DOOM

THE FORGOTTEN DREAM OF A MELANCHOLY CHEF



...I FORGOT MY
EGG BEATER

YOU WILL NOT
NEED IT FOR THIS
PARTICULAR
VENTURE







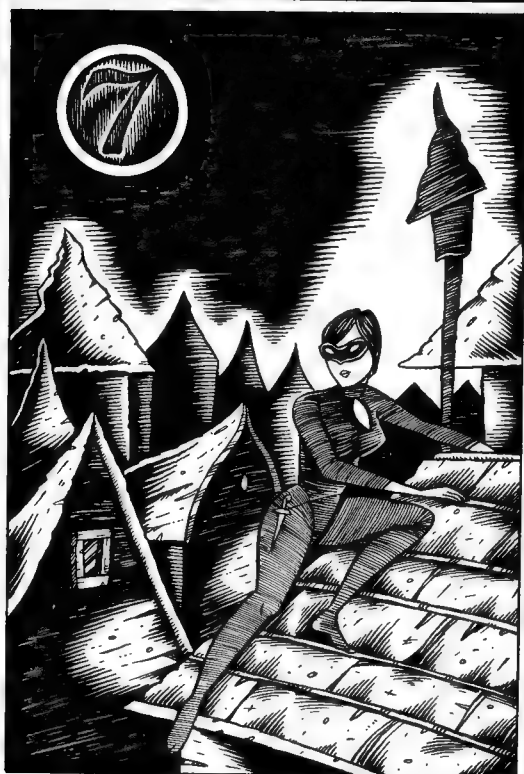


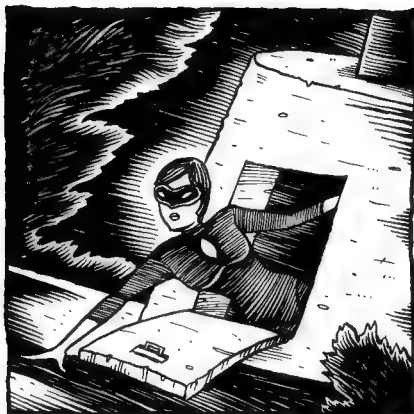
the Chuckling Whatsit

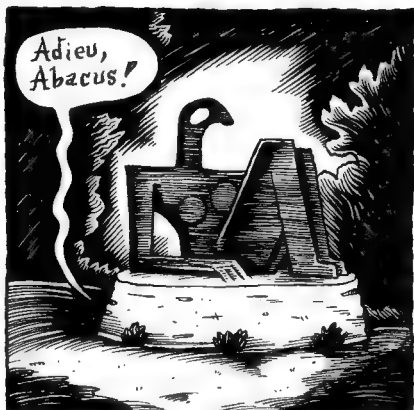
© 1996 Richard Sala

Previously ~

Professor Peeke hires Broom to continue the research Abigail Aberdevine was doing before she vanished: digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac. Broom resigns his horoscope column ~ Peeke pays better; plus Broom has no desire to meet the maniac who has been killing astrology columnists. He visits Miss Limbo, a consultant to the murdered writers, and she tells him what Cyril Root, aka "Venus," revealed to her about the book he was writing on Jarnac.





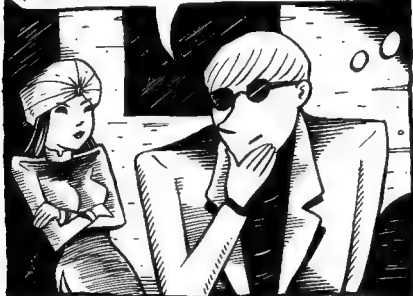


So, what's your interest in this Jarnac guy, anyway?

It's just a job ~ just another gig until something better comes along. All I have to do is dig up enough info to satisfy some nutty professor ~ shouldn't be too hard for a trained journalist like myself.



Guess I should probably go up to Crow's Creek ~ check out that windmill, and maybe have a look at that underground room ~



Remember ~ as deep as you can go!



Well ~ good luck with your search, Mr. Broom. Would you like me to do a free reading for you? A glance into your future?



Ha ha! No thanks?



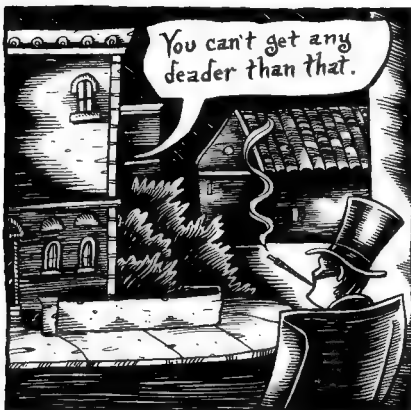
Let me remind you, Zaraka~



~that Aldo Ixnay's mutilated body was found amidst the debris of the Harrisville train wreck four years ago.



You can't get any deader than that.



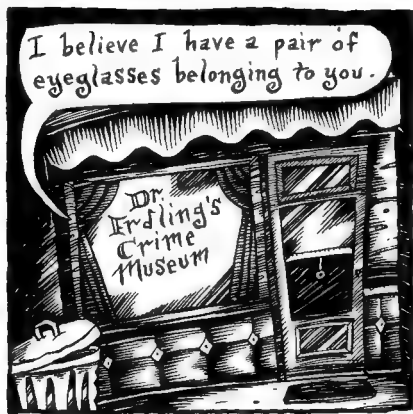
Ring Ring

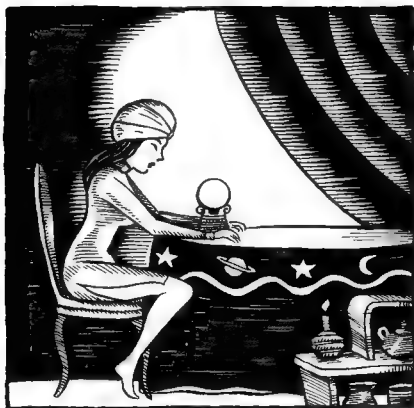


Hello? Is this Mr. Broom?



I believe I have a pair of eyeglasses belonging to you.





Thanks a lot! You say you found them laying in the street?

Yes! Fortunately
your name was
written inside
the case.



Ah, that's better!
Wow ~ some
collection
you've
got here.

Yes, indeed: An awesome assemblage
of artifacts representing the
dark side of our fair city's
history! It's my life's work!

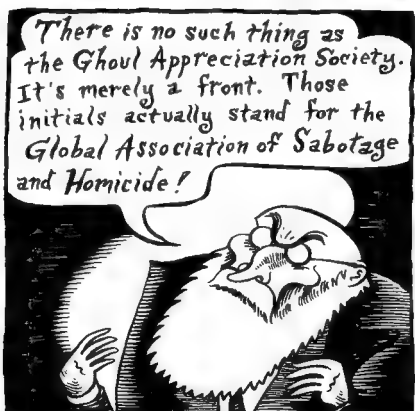


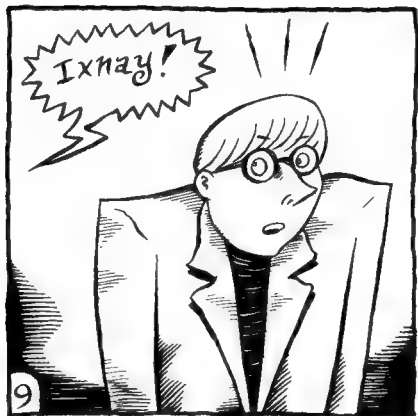
Hey ~ that photo ~ I know
that guy!



~ It's the director of G.A.S.H.



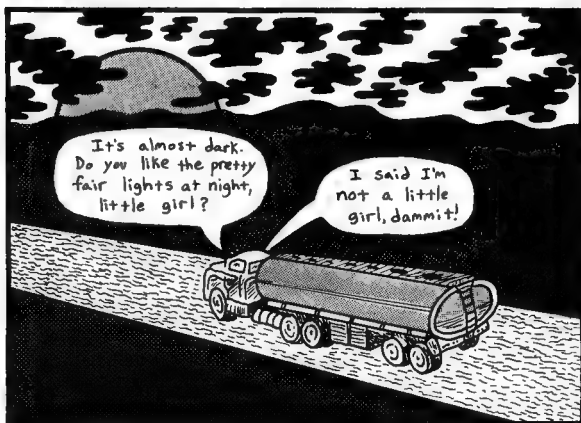
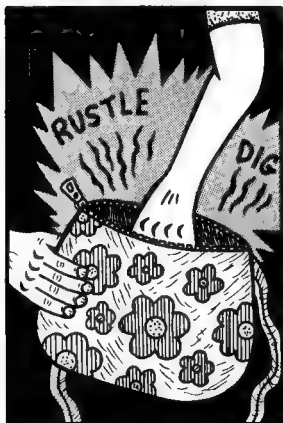
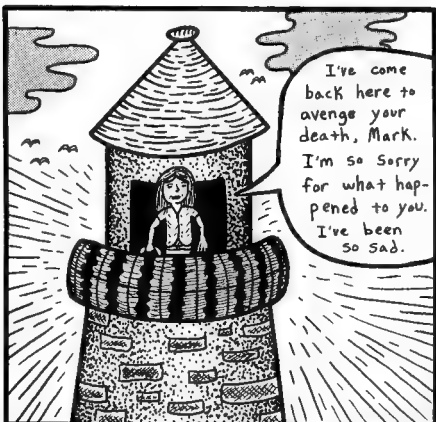


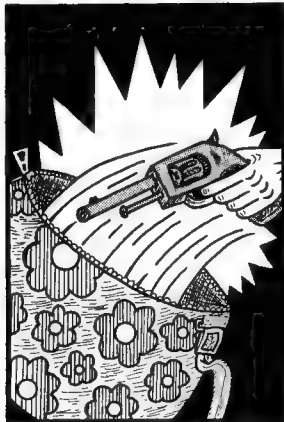
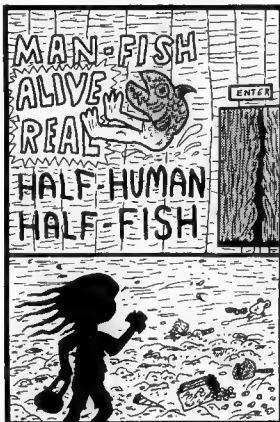
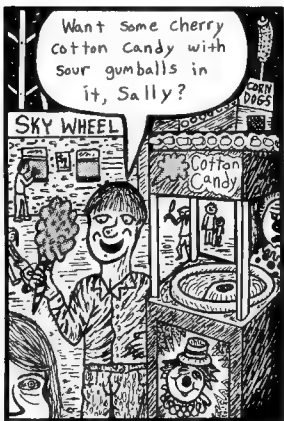


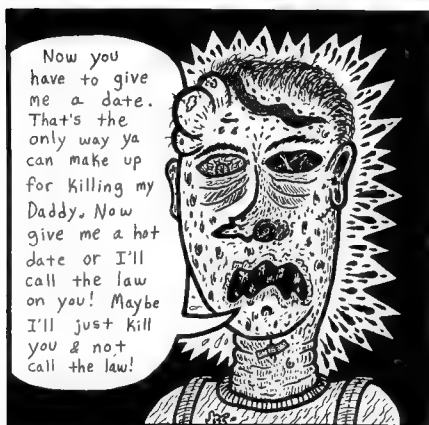
to be continued

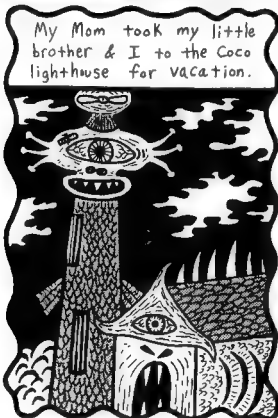
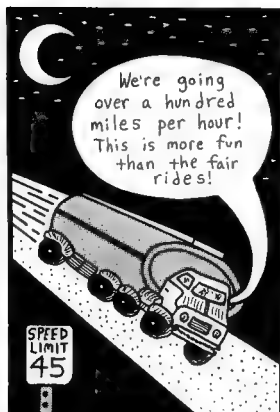
The Legend Of The FLORIDA MAN-FISH











Take your pills & keep away from your brother. He showed me the burns that you gave him with the car cigarette lighter!



That night Mark & I snuck out to the beach.

You know I don't like the dark!



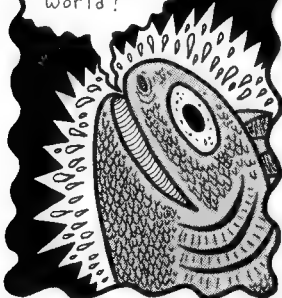
As soon as we reached the shore, the Man-fish was there waiting for us.

Hi Kids, what's up?

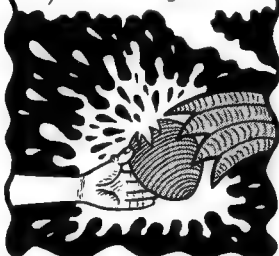
Wow! You're real!



How would you like to come & visit my underwater world?



But in order for you to breath under water you need gills like I have. Use this sharp clam shell to cut yourself gills.



You need gills too, Mark.

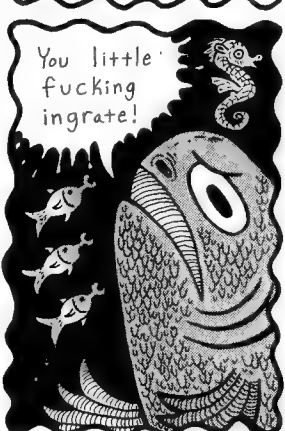
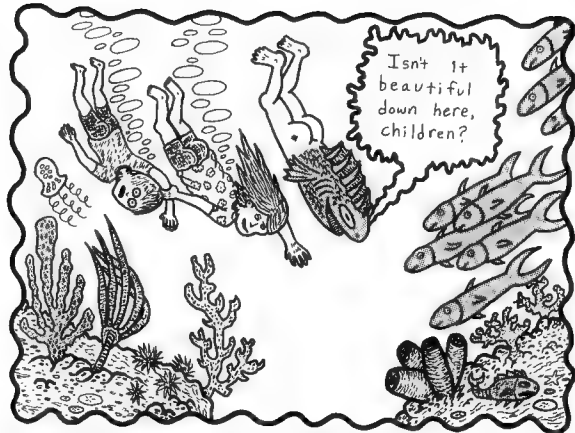


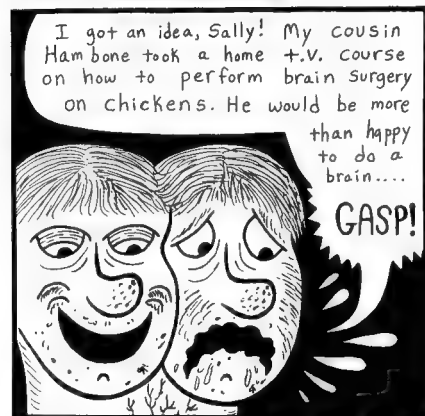
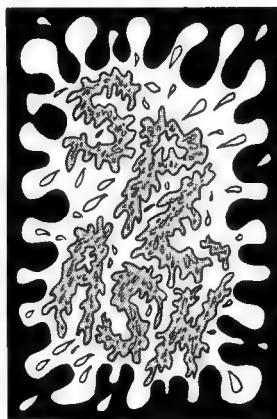
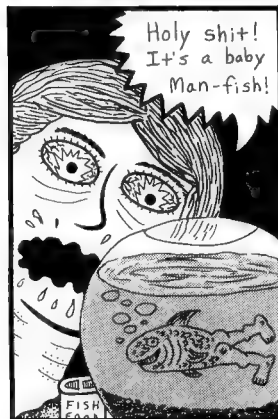
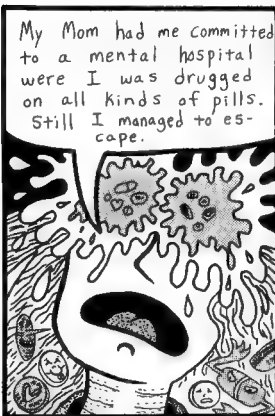
No Sally, I can't swim! I don't like this kind of game!

This isn't a game dummy, it's real life!

Boy, your lil brother sure is a party pooper. He's a pain in the ass, isn't he?



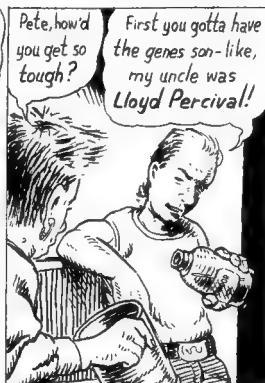
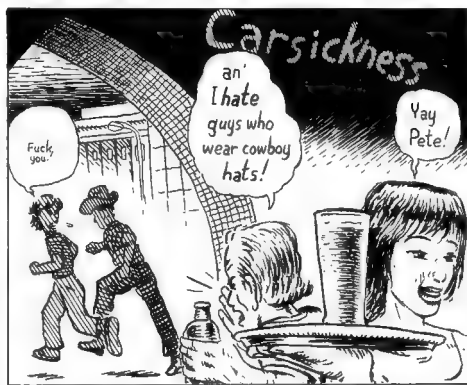
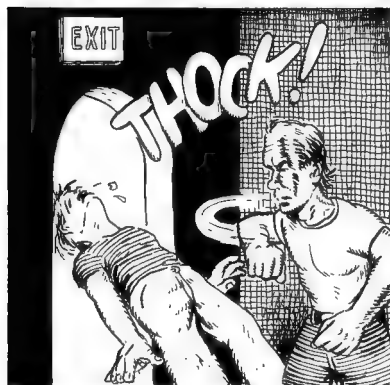




END

UNDERSTANDING HOCKEY

It's 1980 but not every one going to the punk clubs is so nice!





At times when you're playing, you step back and wonder at this intense games complexity!

This fellow, the player with the puck, has many options and a split second in which to act!



Viewed from ice level, the ceaseless swirling patterns change seemingly at random, with an abruptness that is almost impossible to convey!



I'm not a terrible hockey player, but you couldn't call me especially good either! It's not a question of poor physical fitness--the best hockey player that I've ever known was a fat French-Canadian!



Off the ice he was just a regular soldier, eating poutine and other unhealthy food in the army canteen, however on the ice he showed his gift of soft hands around the net!



It's 1972 and Canada is playing the U.S.S.R., an event so huge that they let you watch the games from Moscow in school!



Calm down people! Somebody please close the curtains!

To the delight not only of the Soviets, but also people in Scandinavia and Northern Europe, the professionals got their asses whupped! Looking back at it now, it seems the *ultimate* clash between ways of life - *us* vs. *them*!



Tzigankov - goal!

I was in Europe around that time. My Dad was living in a hippie commune down in the South of France. People in Europe seemed to be taking a whole different approach to the 70's...for one thing, they were getting more *haircuts*!



Oh Monsieur! Such a lovely pair of daughters you have!

The series featured two different approaches to sport and health! Look at *any* professional athlete from 1972...*movie stars* today spend more time on their cardio-vascular fitness!

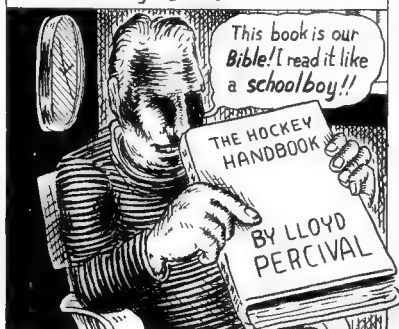


Me? Train in the off-season? Oh hell yeah--I drive with the window open!

The pros *did* win in '72, but only by a margin of a goal scored with 34 seconds left in the series! It was a famous moment - people still hang photos of a painting based on a photo on the walls of their offices!



How did the inexperienced Russians get so far so fast? Anatoly Tarasov - dean of Soviet hockey - had the answer!



This book is our Bible! I read it like a schoolboy!!

It wasn't until after '72 that people over here started to listen to him. 20 years earlier, when his book came out, the coach of the Montreal Canadiens had called it "the product of a three-year-old mind!"

-- Oh how people used to laugh

at my Uncle Lloyd!



It's hard to figure the criticism when you look at the facts behind his life! One of Lloyd Percival's first tutors was the legendary coach of The Notre Dame Fighting Irish - Knute Rockne!

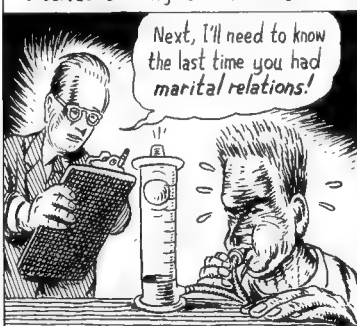
It don't matter so much how big your players are -- strategy is what's important -- you got that??

Vessir!



Percival examined athlete's physical and emotional health -- a radical notion in the conservative hockey world of the 1940's.

Next, I'll need to know the last time you had marital relations!



Studiously, during games, he kept minute records on all N.H.L. players, noting such things as time spent on ice; skating speeds, etc...

That's Barilko's 7th hit in this period!



The Hockey Handbook even has information that might be of some use to graphic artists!

U.S. Army Air Force tests have shown that **visual acuity** is increased when there is little food on the stomach..

The emptier a goalkeepers stomach is, the better his eyes will function!



Since Percival's death in 1974, North American pro hockey has embraced his concepts an --

Mario! No!

So I'm a fat French Canajin eh?!

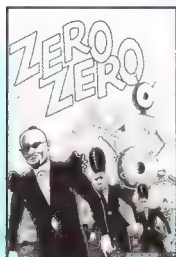




MARCH/APRIL 1995! Premiere! Bukowski & Moriarity! Frank Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, the first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, and a wild Gary Panter cover!



SEPTEMBER 1995! Superb Joe Coleman cover painting! Big new Max Andersson story featuring Car-Boyl! Plus White's "Homunculus," Ware, Collier, several Deitch one-pagers, and the conclusion of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box"!



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1996! Feature-length Bill Griffith cover story! Griesome Christmas Max Andersson tale! Plus: new chapters of Sala and Deitch's serials, and a back cover by Dave Collier!



MAY/JUNE 1995! Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, the premiere of "Homunculus" by Mack White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayno!

PROBLEM: (you missed these)



JULY 1995! Soothing Valium cover! Enervating Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Doofus creator Rick Altermott's insane "Douche Bag Dougan"!



AUGUST 1995! Spectacular two-color Al Columbia strip! The premiere of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box" series! Plus Jeff Johnson, Carol Tyler, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and a back cover by Mark Beyer!

SOLUTION: (get 'em now!)



NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995! Kim Deitch returns with a new sequel to "Shadowland"! A new "Fuzz and Pluck" chapter by Ted Stearn! Plus Rick Altermott, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Skip Williamson, and Bob Fingermani!

Please send me:

- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #1** (Mar./April 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #2** (May/June 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #3** (July 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #4** (August 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #5** (Sept./Oct. 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #6** (Nov./Dec. 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #7** (Jan./Feb. 1996) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **SUBSCRIPTION** to the next 5 issues \$18.95 (\$20.95 outside U.S.)

Send to:

name _____

address _____

city state zip _____

Send to FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. Visa/Mastercard orders call 1-800-657-1100. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery! subscribers receive issues as they are released.



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

ZZ
ZERO

ZERO ZERO INFORMATION OF MARGINAL USE AT BEST

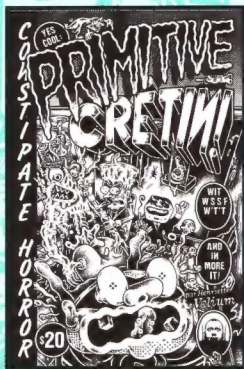
Editor Kim Thompson
Art Director
Marc Arsenault
Cover Charles Burns
Back Cover
Pat Moriarty
Computer coloring
executed by Jeff
Johnson, Pat Moriarty,
and Rich Tommaso
Contributing Cartoonists
(past & present) Mark
Beyer, Stephanie
Blanchet, Susan
Catherine, Dan Clowes,
Dante Dery, Michael
Dougan, Bob Finger-
man, Mary Fleener,
Dave Friedman,
Timothy Geogarkakis,
Justin Green, Bill
Griffith, Glenn Head,
Sam Henderson, David
Holzman, Jeff Johnson,
Kaz, Matsuzaki, Th. Metz-
ger, Mark Newgard,
Frank Stack, Penny
Moran Van Horn, Chris
Ware, J.R. Williams,
Skip Williamson, Jim
Woodring, Oscar Zarate
Promotion Chris Jacobs,
Eric Reynolds
Circulation Matt Counts,
Kitty Ireland

ZERO ZERO — we eat up art directors and spit 'em out like yesterday's sunflower seeds. With this, the eighth issue, we welcome Mr. **Marc Arsenault** to the drawing board (or rather, the computer keyboard). In addition to a long and prestigious career at such fine cartooning operations as *Tundra* (come to think of it, was there ever another such place as *Tundra*?), Mr. Arsenault is the brains and brawn behind *WowCool*, a publishing and distribution colossus whose publications include the ineffable **OH THAT MONROE!** by **TUE THUNDER** and **Sam Henderson**, as well as the anthology **TUNA CASEROLE**. Write *WowCool*, 48 Shattuck Square #149, Berkeley CA 94704 for their splendidly designed and entirely free catalogue!

Speaking of behind-the-scenes workers whose efforts contribute to your enjoyment of this very zine, let's have a hearty round of applause for the computer colorists, who take the sometimes unintelligible or near impossible instructions of the finicky artists and convert them into computer files, whence they are spewed out in the form of film negatives, which are then... oh, who cares. Anyway, **Jeff Johnson**, creator of the Fantagraphics-published mini-series **NURTURE THE DEVIL** and new colorist of **HATE**, is the man who slapped together **Archer Prewitt's** remarkable two-tone "Sof'Boy" story, while **Rich Tommaso**, creator of the newly-released hardboiled graphic novel **CLOVER HONEY**, wielded the mouse, so to speak, on **Al Columbia's** frontispiece. (Message from Al: **BIOLOGIC SHOW #2** on its way, quiet down already.) **Pat Moriarty** did triple duty on his "Signs of the Apocalypse" page, coloring it and working up the stellar computer job you see here. (Message from Pat: **BIG MOUTH #6** is on its way, quiet down already.) And supervising all these gentlemen was wise and kindly **Peppe White**, whose helpful expostulations ("Trees! Snakes!") have added so immeasurably to the tone of the office.

Speaking of **Archer Prewitt**, he wins hands down this issue's award for "snootiest reason given for a scheduling crunch." He was busy mixing his band's live album. Well, excu-u-se us; we didn't get this editorial written because we

were busy polishing our Pulitzer Prize acceptance speech, Mr. Rock Star. In actual fact, of course, Mr. Prewitt is a member of the legendary combo *The Coccials*, who passed into legend with their most recent and final studio album, the eponymous **THE COCCIALS** (Carrot Top Records). There's still that live album, another single on the Tel-Star label, and a 7" "Sof'Boy" single with a comic book to come, but they're done, finished, kaput. Oh, who are they kidding? They'll be recording and touring forever. They're just yanking your chain with this "quitting" business. I wouldn't fall for it.



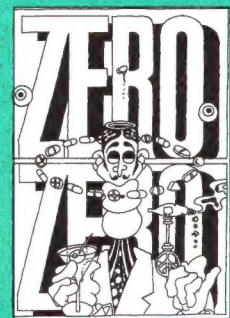
Nevertheless, Mr. Prewitt has also been active as a self-publisher, releasing two mind-boggling full-color **SOFOBOY** mini-comics. The first is currently out of print (look for an expanded version later this year), but the second can be ordered for a mere \$1.50 postpaid from Archer Prewitt, 1723 W. Julian Apt. 2R, Chicago IL 60622 — a steal, really. Certainly better than paying \$5.95 for a fucking black-and-white comic book. This will also put you on Mr. Prewitt's permanent mailing list, enabling you to buy "Sof'Boy" goodies galore as they roll off the presses. We see a cuddly plush toy in someone's future here.

The intractable **Henriette Valium** also has a mailing list (Henriette Valium, 8392 rue Foucher, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2P 2C1), to which he disseminates his weird mini-comics, records, and other atrocities — including a new silkscreened giant version of **PRIMITIVE CRETIN**, his legendary, door-sized masterpiece.

Incidentally, Fantagraphics will be releasing the "mass-market" edition of that classic, a mere 10" x 13" in format, this Spring. And yes, calm down — there will be more *Valium* in **ZERO ZERO**.

Special thanks this issue to **Charles Burns** for his exceptionally fine cover. While we're passing out Burns-related praise, kudos to Kitchen Sink Press for their lovely production job on Burns's career-topping masterpiece **BLACK HOLE**, but how about getting some more of Burns's work into print? Starting with **TRUE DEFECTIVE STORIES**? When we look at those *black holes* in our collection, it really *burns* us up, you know?

In other **ZZ** product news, **Mack White's VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES** has been released. If your local store doesn't carry it, it's because they're fuckheads and don't deserve your business. (We mean local *comics* store; if it's your local grocery, this omission in their product line is forgivable.) *Villa of the Mysteries*, and literally billions of other fine cartoon products, can be purchased through Fantagraphics' fantastic 64-page full-color catalogue, available free if you write to 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle WA 98115, or call us at 1-800-657-1100. Okay, not literally billions. But lots.

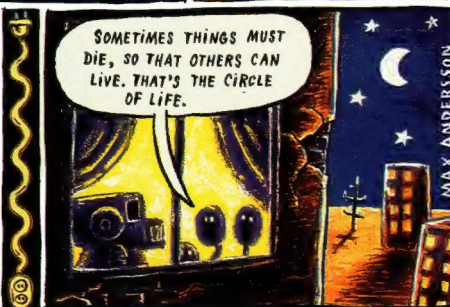
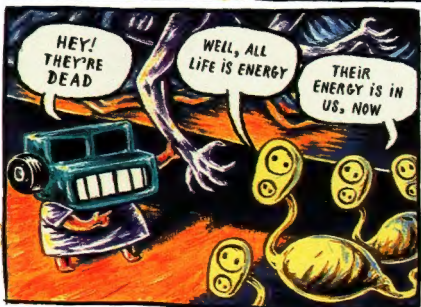
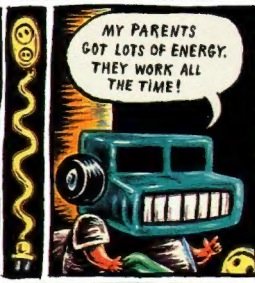


Next issue: Skip Williamson returns with the cover-featured "The Party." (Birdy num-nums, anyone?) Also in this issue, the **ZZ** premiere of luncheonette eavesdropper **Susan Catherine** and *Small Killing* artist **Oscar Zarate**, **Jeff Johnson** talks to furniture, another chapter of "Fuzz and Pluck" by **Ted Stearn**, more **Collier and Sala**, the **Henriette Valium** back cover we promised last time, the return of **David Holzman**, and a strip by **Sam Henderson**! On sale in April!

ZERO ZERO, March-April, 1990. ZERO ZERO ISSN: 1060-9235 is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, and is ©1990 Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1990 their respective writers and artists: David Collier, Kim Ditch, Mike Dians, Archer Prewitt, Richard Sala, and Mack White. Covers © 1990 Marc Arsenault, Charles Burns, Al Columbia, and Pat Moriarty. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, or institutions in ZERO ZERO and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material. Letters to ZERO ZERO become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: February, 1990. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, Washington, 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA.



CAR-BOY





YET ANOTHER SIGN OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE!

Sign the EIGHTH

The rise of evil anti-artist/pop star Salvador Khadafi leads to new lows in the standards of popular music and culture, as evidenced on college campuses worldwide, thus giving space aliens (the ones with a sensibility for God and morality) the long sought-after chance to prove once and for all that they're here to help God-fearing Christians, not hurt them, contrary to what those stinking liars in Washington would like you to believe. Beware the Ides of March. by PAT MORIARITY



